

who, while remaining within the old Church, is disgusted with the company he keeps, and is ready to leave it. He can discover no likeness between the pope and Christ. Nay, the Bishop of Rome is for him, as for Knox, the Antichrist of prophecy, and with all other tyrants, whether cardinal, king, or emperor, gets his reward with compound interest at the day of judgment from the angry poet. He denounces the worship of images as idolatry, whether in ancient temple or modern Christian church. Pilgrimages breed superstition, hypocrisy, and fornication, and are the devices of crafty priests for their own purposes. The emphasis invariably laid on the efficacy of "the blood of Christ," in contrast to "the vain superstitions " of the age, reminds of the evangelical preacher. The monasteries are hotbeds of vice, and it is impossible to reproduce the epithets he applies to the conduct of their inmates. He is bitterly opposed, in the " Complaynt to the King" (1529), to the rule of prelates in the State :—

" So blynd it is thair corporall ene
[eyes] With warldly lustis
sensuall, Takyng in Realities the
governall Baith gyding Court and
Sessioun Contrar to thair
professioun, Quhareof I thynk
they sulde have schame Of
spirituall preistes to tak the
name."

He would banish Latin from the services of the Church as well as from the laws of the land. Moses, David, the Apostles, the Fathers, used their own language, and why should we be forced to pray in a dead, unintelligible tongue? Church history after the first three centuries is for him a travesty of Christianity. The picture of the next thousand years etched in " The Testament and Complaynt of the Papingo " (1530) is dark enough. It shows us Property corrupting the clergy, Riches and Sensuality banishing Chastity and Poverty from Rome and every Christian land. All this and much more to the discredit of the clergy the dying Papingo relates to the pie, the gled, and the raven—greedy, crafty churchmen, who come to confess her and make her will. Her death is the opportunity of these voracious, clerical birds. No sooner has she drawn her last gasp than they fall to and devour her, while still warm, leaving nothing but the feathers,